

COMICAL*MYTHICAL*POLITICAL*PHILOSOPHICAL.

DAIRY OF NAUGHTY
K E V I N

BY KAY AY AND NNAMDI CHUKWU

This
Work is dedicated to
Obianuju

PREFACE

The work (Dairy of Naughty Kevin) as written therein by Kay AY, is an unadulterated representation of his Facebook Timeline that focuses on the first half of the year 2018. The book which was conceptualized, arranged and designed into a publishable dairy by Nnamdi Chukwu, looked into societal and psychological issues from: comical, mythical, political and philosophical perspectives with the aim to trigger moral catharsis whilst awaking an epiphany within the subconscious and conscious minds of its readers.

Theoretically, the book is heavily based on animistic tenets with an iota of nihilism that help in creating a critical cynical view of our thoroughly morally debased post-modernist global governments. The book is targeted to run in volumes so as to accommodate the other years on Kay AY's Facebook Timeline, especially the second half of the year 2018 which is presided by this very edition.

KEVIN C. N

Contents

Chapter One

Interlude
Thinking aloud
Think about it
Reminiscing
Say no to domestic violence
Talking health
Social construct
A lazy Friday
Going political

Chapter Two

Hanging out with death
Hanging out with death continued
Hanging out with death continued
Thinking about religious fanaticism
I and my Sci-Fi post modernist thoughts
My struggle with the dark side of the night
Taking a stand against rape
Ostrich mentality

Chapter Three

Somewhere in the USA; minutes after the Grammys
Understanding our potential and exploiting it
The subliminal racism in the people of color
A plan for old age
Sad paradox of reality
Sad irony of our societal reality

Chapter Four

An adventure through the gate of Terminus
An adventure through the gate of Terminus continued

Chapter Five

Valentine day eavesdrop
Celebration of birthday
Someone from the past

Chapter Six

Assembly of nations
The three Cocks in the dark
Interlude
Interlude
You don't want to be my age and can't read and write
A sweep at social problems
Blackman and mental slavery
A Queen's birthday
Opining
Vanity of procrastination
The illusion of righteousness
Holla-Holla

Chapter Seven

The dog tale (revolution in Africa)
Interlude (x-rated)
The hypnosis
The naughty voodoo blackmail
“Things fall apart” (Achebe writing back to the canon)
Vanity
Silly jab

Chapter Eight

The prison tale of tits
Human hypocrisy
The worship proposition
The jab

Chapter Nine

A chicken illusion of trust
The obsession of “I love you”
The Iroko acquaintance
The obsession of “it’s over between us”
Schadenfreude
Vanity of existence

Chapter Ten

The social media tale
Interlude
The jab
Love is just a word, understanding is everything
Pains of melancholy
The African mystery
A scene inside a crashing plane
Mama’s love: the epiphany
A quick jab to sisi eko

Chapter Eleven

The Ramadan fasting tale
Jab
Domestic violence
Religious misrepresentation of god
Religious misrepresentation of god continued
Loving nature
Stalking a butterfly
Kids go petty too
A quick jab at engagement
Still exploring nature
Interlude
Why fear death?
Quick jab at African parents
Throw back Thursday
Thank god Russia is finally here
Regrettable migration

CHAPTER ONE



My dearest Meagan Good,

Today I grieve because I took you off your position as my wallpaper after such a long time.
Oh I'm sorry? You're mad that I did? Remember when you said 50 cent was the love of your life?
What do you think I was feeling then? You think I was hahaing?

I remember the first time I saw you in stomp the yard, I thought you were the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. Scratch that! I first noticed you in 'you got served'. I have loved you ever since then but you've never once looked in my direction.

I watched all your TV shows and movies, hoping it would bring me closer to you, but no! You kept me at arm's length. I thought I had finally gotten you, then you shattered my heart and married that Franklin guy 5 years ago. Even then, for 5 years I've waited for you. You don't know how many times I've fought my friends who crush on you because I'm hella jealous, and the only man for you. You don't know how many times I've cried myself to sleep because of your rejection. I didn't care you're older than I am — Age is just a number.

It would seem you are toying with my emotions. So in my highest Eamon impersonation I say "Fuck what I said, it doesn't mean shit now. Fuck all those presents, might has well throw them out. Fuck you h-beep! I don't want you no more." You played me and it took close to a decade to realize that.

I'm not Adele so I don't wish you well. Maybe if I had more likes on facebook or instagram or more retweets on Twitter. Maybe if I was a celebrity or worked in Hollywood, I'd be good enough for your royal highness. I leave you in 2017.

Adios

December 31, 2017 at 14:2GMT ·



INTERLUDE

If you're seeing this, congratulations! You made it into 2018.

Now here's my advice to you: If you think 2018 is gonna be any different from 2017, you're being delusional. Nothing has changed. You haven't changed. The days are not now 30 hours or the weeks 9 days. Only one number has changed.

Unless you're inheriting a shit ton of money, then of course something will change. The good news is, whatever you did in 2017, just start by changing your approach into 2018, then something will change. Otherwise, you'll enter 2020 with the same old my-year-of-breakthrough bullshit, and nothing has changed.

0205 hours.

January 5th, 2056.

January 1, 2018 at 10:29 GMT.

THINKING ALOUD



When Yuri Gangari went to space, they said he was the first man there. Then Neil Armstrong became the first man on the moon.

Then a black man achieves a certain feat and it will be recorded that he was the first black man to. The black community rejoices. However, what he accomplished has been accomplished by tons of white folks. He was just the first of his race.

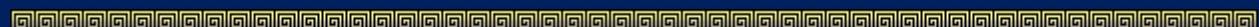
Always Black folks rejoice over small victories. How many times has a black folk being deemed the first man to do something? It's not about racial terming but it is about complacency amongst us. Hey look, Ghana has become the first African country to win the U-20 world cup after over 30 years of its inauguration! Let us rejoice! The white community were not throwing themselves around saying Soviet Union, the first ever winner, is the first white country to win a tournament that was held in Africa — Tunisia to be precise. Just like how Chelsea fans will raise their voice higher than those who have tenfold the trophy they possess — no offence to my fellow Chelsea fans.

So why do we rejoice over things other races has accomplished when one of our own does? Why not do better by being the first man or woman and not the first black man or woman?

Sometimes, I question if we're fit to even be part of this world. My ancestors for thousands of years have been farmers, yet most food we eat in my countries today are imported.

If we can't even do what we do best better except revel in past glories, then what the hell are we doing as a people?

January 3, 2018 at 15:42 GMT.



THINK ABOUT IT



I read an article online a few minutes ago about how teachers went overboard with discipline in the USA. The listed punishments were varying around being locked in a closet, having to eat from the ground, being sent home, two boys forced to sit in the middle of the school holding hands because they were fighting and so on.

Like any African child, I found it amusing. These things would sound disturbing to someone in the USA of course, but here? Hell to the No!

Now my mind drifted to Samuel back in primary school when we were barely 8. Samuel was accused of stealing. What happened that day shockingly should faze kids of our ages; however, I don't remember it being disturbing which in itself is a problem that is rooted when you are a child in these parts. That kid who was barely 8 was stripped naked and paraded through the classes. He was tied like an animal and flogged whilst still naked afterwards. Sadly, two others

would later face the same punishment from the hands of those who were supposed to instil moral values in us.

I think that was the first time I experienced jungle justice. I was barely 8 and yet not bothered. What kind of adult do you think I would grow into?

January 5, 2018 at 14:06 GMT



REMINICING



Remember when we would pause the music several times to write the lyrics? These days all you gotta do is google it. Technology makes us lazy mehn....

January 6, 2018 at 18:04 GMT

SAY NO TO DOMESTIC VOILENCE



January 8th, 1999

I wish mom and Dad would stop fighting so much. I wish I didn't wake up this night to witness this. Dad is calling mom a whore and mom is calling him a bastard. Mum is on the floor weeping like I do when whipped by Mrs Okadigbo. There is blood all over her face. I wish I was strong enough to protect Mom.

October 21st, 2007.

Dad comes home drunk again last night. He accuses mom of preparing poison for him. He starts kicking her around until I intervene. Dad slaps me several times and threatens to kill me. I call him names like the bastard he is. I hate the man my father is.

April 16th, 2035.

Onyinye is asleep. I don't know if I'll be able to look her in the eye. Earlier, we got into a heated argument where she cursed my mom. I lost my temper and slapped her. She just stared at me, her eyes piercing my soul. Have I become my dad?

January 8, 2018 at 07:53 GMT



TALKING HEALTH



Did you know....

- *Cucumber juice refreshes and heal diseased gums, keeping your mouth smelling good?
- *Cucumber flushes out toxins and waste products from body because of its watery nature?
- *Cucumber has a compound called sterols within it which helps the body reduce bad cholesterol?
- *Cucumber nourishes your body with Vitamin A, B and C; hereby boosting your immunity to diseases, keep your skin radiant, and provides you with energy?
- *Cucumber keeps you hydrated when you're too busy to drink water?

Cucumber has several health benefits and that's why you should add cucumber to your diet.

Inspired by Kwaku Botwe

#Goodnutritionpa ys

January10, 2018 at 07:45 GMT



SOCIAL CONSTRUCT

I don't get why people roll their eyes when I say I will put it in my will to be cremated. It would seem people think when you're dead you still feel the burning. You want to be buried with your suit or wedding dress. I will be buried with.... (Oh I'll probably be cremated naked) One less clothing going to waste. You take up space in a land, I don't. You have a tombstone to render you immortal. My remains will be kept in an urn in a museum (Argue with your ancestors). Unless you're being selfless in the sense of donating your body as organic manure, fossil fuel, or as a subject for evolution for the next of homo-whatever we will be millions of years from now; then there's no point of one being buried.

January 10, 2018 at 13:44 GMT

A LAZY FRIDAY

First five minutes I wake up in the morning, I curse myself, the world, and anyone responsible for me being here. And oh, I start from my alarm clock. Why can't I just sleep all day and all year?

I then try to find any reason why I should leave my bed. Maybe the fine girls I'll meet? Sometimes even that's not enough then I think of stupid things like the fact that my favorite team won their match yesterday.

Those moments I wish I was born an animal. Especially a dog, but even a goat will do. Only problem is if I was a dog, I could never ask for food cos I can't talk. What if my owner is an ass? What if he decides to castrate me? Being a dog and not having sex? What kinda life is that?

Okay maybe a goat, then I can roam as goats usually are given more freedom. What if someone gets it in his head to slaughter me before my time? But then again, humans too did prematurely so whatever.

I let myself get haunted with thoughts until I get like hey, you've wasted five minutes of your life already so get up! But then again, I've wasted and still waiting my life. I also get like if I live a legacy on earth, will it pay my ticket to come back later after I'm manure?

This rant was sponsored by Sleep deprivation syndrome.

January 12, 2018 at 07:45 GMT

GOING POLITICAL

I read online that Trump called Africa and Haiti shithole countries. I also saw that Africans have taken to social media to fire back at him.

Now IDK about Haitians, but what I do know is if American borders were opened, over 90% of Africans will troop in there. African borders are literally open to Americans, and we have less than 1% coming in except to come and exploit our dumbness.

Now what does that say about our countries?

I love Africa and proud of being African than any African in the world but i must swallow this bitter pill, just as the rest of us should.

Truth is, it's a truth we all know but are just mad hearing it from the other side, especially from a white dude.

My name is Kay and I'm from shithole countries.

January 13, 2018 at 09:58 GMT

CHAPTER TWO

☀️HANGING OUT WITH DEATH☀️



Yesterday, Death visited and we had a nice chat.

(Kay is seated in the middle of nowhere, staring into the sky, while Labyrinth's Vultures is playing. He feels a tap on his shoulder.)

DEATH: Howdy, fella. ☀️
KAY: Move along, I'm too toxic to be around.
DEATH: Now suck it up bitch, we've had enough of you.
KAY: Who's we? Who are you?
DEATH: Well, I am death.
KAY: Good one.
DEATH: I know you whine all year wishing you could run away. I know sometimes you want to end it. I know you're a wuss who cry yourself to sleep, and you're living your greatest fear.
KAY: Okay you've proved your point. Have you come to take me?
DEATH: Hell no! I don't take bitches who whine all year round, where's the fun in that?
KAY: But you took that guy next door who's slower than the second coming of Christ.
DEATH: Yeah, you think I have a choice in who I take sometimes?
KAY: I thought you were death.
DEATH: Yeah I am. Where I come from, there's some bureaucratic nonsense like you humans got. You think if I could make choices, I wouldn't send back Kwame Nkrumah, Samouri Toure, Thomas Sankara and others to help sanitize your shitholes?
KAY: That's racist!
DEATH: Yeah, I'm Death. I can be whatever I wanna be. Now do you wanna have a conversation or not?
KAY: Will you leave me in peace after that?
DEATH: Maybe. Now Ahfi wan some weed fi have dis bomboclat man to man.
KAY: That was some terrible Jamaican impression. Please stick to what you know.
DEATH: Ungrateful human! So what's your problem?
KAY: I have no one... I am a complete shadow of myself.

To be continued whenever I get bored in the car again.

January 15, 2018 at 13:47 GMT



HANGING OUT WITH DEATH CONTINUED....



DEATH: Do you have any family?
KAY: I used to. But then I lost them. Every black sheep always gets off the family ship.
DEATH: Interesting... Do you miss them?
KAY: As much as I miss having a soul.
DEATH: What about friends?
KAY: None. But I have a few thousands on my tacky device. I don't know if they classify as friends as I hide from them.
DEATH: Why do you hide?
KAY: Because I want to.
DEATH: Why do you want to?
KAY: Is there a point to this?
DEATH: You're one miserable human. And I have seen lots of misery, but you Kay put a whole new meaning to misery.
KAY: Says the miserable folk who has nothing better to do than collecting dead matter. No, I don't envy you at all.
DEATH: Firing back with anger when nerve is touched as a counter measure to mask true feelings, that's not new at all.
KAY: What are you, my therapist?!
DEATH: Hmm... So there is no one?
KAY: (Silence...) There is. Her name is Katherine.
DEATH: (smiling) Tell me about Katherine.
KAY: She is a stray cat I catered.....
DEATH: A cat?! That's what this is about? That's what you're wasting my precious time on?!
KAY: Well Fuck you too! If your time was so precious, why are you still here disturbing my peace?!

To be continued whenever I get bored again...

January 16, 2018 at 13:46 GMT



HANGING OUT WITH DEATH CONTINUED...



DEATH: Alright chill. So about Katherine, it means you will at least stay alive for her?

KAY: No!

DEATH: (Flabbergasted) Why?

KAY: Because she isn't worth it. She found someone else to comfort her. Now she's knocked up with babies.

DEATH: Why the change?

KAY: I took her in because we were both loners. I loved her, but what do I get in return, a bag of bullshit. She used me.

DEATH: You said 'There is'.

KAY: Yeah, that's the problem. I still care about her though she's a cat like you mentioned. Point is, I hate that I do.

DEATH: (Awkward silence...).

KAY: On second thoughts, I'm no longer interested.

DEATH: Wait... What?!

KAY: You've spent two hours conversing with me — actually you've been doing most of the talking. Boy, you talk a lot. From that, I surmise wherever you're from must be one hell of a boring place, so I think I'll pass! I'll pick misery over boring any day.

DEATH: (pissed) No one turns me down! I am the shadow of the night that takes babies from the mothers and mothers from their babies. I'll see you soon.

KAY: Well you'll be waiting a long long long time, because I am the shadow that shadows lose themselves finding.

DEATH: Rant all you want, I'm coming for you!

KAY: (Laughing) Now who's the bitch?

(Death stomps off angrily breathing fire and brimstone.)

Fam, I've been awake for three days now.

January 17, 2018 at 13:47 GMT

THINKING ABOUT RELIGIOUS FANATISM

It wasn't until an 18years old kid told me 'Women are nothing' yesterday, because his imam says that's what the Koran says, that I finally blurted it out loud. 'That book is the most poisonous book in existence'.

I asked the kid if he felt his mother was nothing. I played tug of soul with death several times after he confidently said Yes.

"But my mom is nothing. She is just there to serve my father and have babies" These were his words.

Now I set my mind to several children out there who are being taught to think this way, then I grieved for billions of women in the world especially those in the middle East — including the unborn ones who are oblivious of the bondage they are born into.

Fact is, this might come off as Islamophobic, but I will not watch my only siblings (two sisters) marry a Muslim man — especially knowing how demeaning their holy book is of women.

A book that subjects a wife to the position of being a property to be used whenever the husband desires, is no book that — whatever morals it teaches — should be allowed to be taught to future generations.

January 18, 2018 at 13:45 GMT

I AND MY SCIFI POST MODERNIST THOUGHTS

I don't want to die in the 21St century. I don't.

Most of the time, I am too curious about how the story ends for mankind.

I am curious about the future — 5000 years from now. Does the story get better?

Does Africa stop being the poster boy for poverty a thousand years from now? Does my home also thrive and rub shoulders with the East and West?

Do the children of the 40th century of Africa look at the 21St century folks and laugh about how unintelligent we were?

How far does technology get?

I wish I can go to sleep today and wake up in the 29th century. Live a decade and go to the sleep again, hibernating for the next millennia. I am overly curious that it saddens me that I may never know — I'll give my life now to live a year in the future. I just wanna know how our story unfold.

Maybe if I accept Hinduism, I might be reincarnated a millennia from now.

Growing old and dying now is my greatest regret. Maybe if I was born a science genius, I'd devote my life to making a time machine.

January 22, 2018 at 07:45 GMT

MY STRUGGLE WITH THE DARKSIDE OF THE NIGHT



On that cold floor breathing heavily, life slowly crawled out of me. The very liquid that represented life was escaping out of my gut in a mad frenzy. I heard his footsteps slowly die out — the fellow who just robbed me of my wallet and essence. The choking sound struggling out of my throat reminded me I wasn't done yet — a ponderous laughter at imagination of the face of my boogey man when he realizes the wallet only contained 200 naira and some change.

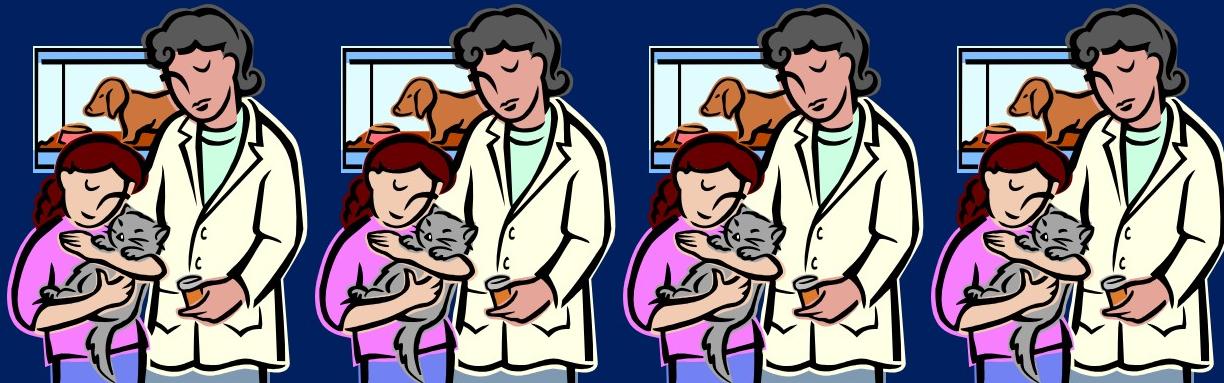
The night's harsh breath whispered a dirge into my ears, also sweeping the scent of onions past my nose. Ebere's suya lie on that tarred floor beside me, a reminder of the goodies I am leaving behind.

My mind drifts to my sweet Ebere — my lovely ogogoro seller as I called her. She would be outside her shop, arms around her to keep the waves of cold at bay. Or maybe she was fiercely telling off a drunk... Whatever she was doing, the fact remained I will not be there to keep her company in her walk home tonight — or ever. Here I was, my body running on fumes, and all I could think about what the life in her belly I will never meet. I curse him with my last breath, before the vulture of the dark finally pecks at my soul. Ebere'm... Till we meet again.

January 24, 2018 at 07:48 GMT



TAKING A STAND AGAINST RAPE



Yeah, let's blame the girl for getting raped, I mean what the hell was she thinking? Of course she's to be blamed for wearing dresses that calls for attention — body no be firewood...

Let's blame her for expressing herself and provoking the lust of boys in the first place...

Let's blame her for attending late night party and mingling with boys. Doesn't she know that only

bad girls stay up late by that time?
Let's blame her for walking alone on that dark path, because whoever coined the "freedom of movement" right forgot to include "except females"...
Let's blame her for not being strong enough to fight him off by word and will. She should have been more forceful when saying no! She could have taken karate lessons to defend herself...
Let's blame her for naively thinking mankind has potential for goodness...
Let's blame her for not realizing that all boys are potential rapists, therefore she should not visit them alone in their room...
Let's blame her for being friendly or accepting to spend quality time with someone she trusts. How myopic! Trust is for idiots, Tueh!
And oh, let's blame her for being a female because when we see her, all that's seen is 'Sex' even when she's covered in a burqa or as a Nun...
She should have known better, goddammit!!!

January 24, 2018 at 13:45 GMT



OSTRICH MENTALITY

I love this side of the world! I'm walking on the side pavement, headphones in ears, when suddenly my spiky senses alert me to an incoming... I almost got knocked by a motorcycle on the side pavement, and yet I am to blame that my headphones was on full blast.
This place is not lawless because of how often people break the law, it's the confidence with which they break it.
Don't you just wanna live in this chaos forever? I know I do! It's fun knowing the moment you step out of your house, there are millions ways you can go! (DIE)

January 27, 2018 at 13:48 GMT



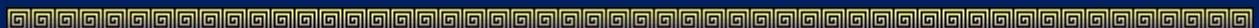
CHAPTER THREE

SOMEWHERE IN THE USA; MINUTES AFTER THE GRAMMYS...



REPORTER: Mr Carter, howdy.
JAY Z: I'm not in the mood.
REPORTER: Is that tears? Are you crying?
JAY Z: Of course not. I'm allergic to micropho—the lights around. My eyes are super sensitive.
REPORTER: Did the world just witness you lose all your nominations?
JAY Z: It's the 2017 Grammys all over again. Rob the elderly black person for a young white person. Remember my wife?
REPORTER: Are you saying you were robbed?
JAY Z: That's exactly what I am saying! Those people have no respect for elders! I was sitting in the crowd when it got to the rap category. I mean that little boy from Compton was gon' beat me? Neh! My palms were itchy for those shiny things. I wore matching rings. And oh, Blue Ivy wrote me a kick ass speech. There I was, and the F-beep! They picked the kid over me. Well I wasn't worried; I mean they probably know a small category like that was demeaning to my persona so maybe the big leagues. But then again, I forgot Trump was president, so it's United states of Allied-Rob-the-black-guy. So what did they do? They gave them all to the white kid, leaving an elder like me to go home with his D-beep! in his hands... This is why we need to go back to Africa. Africa respects elders.
REPORTER: were you not among those who said they'd go back to Africa if Trump won?
JAY Z: I said no such thing. What the F-beep does that gotta do with anything, Get the F-beep outta my face!
REPORTER: Mr Carter.... Mr Carter.... (Turns to face audience) So we're still live at the Grammys where Jay Z though having the highest nominations tonight, is leaving with his D-beep! in his hands... His own words not mine.

January 29, 2018 at 13:34 GMT



UNDERSTANDING OUR POTENTIAL AND EXPLOITING IT



About an hour ago, BBC Focus on Africa talked about Frank Darko, a Ghanaian, who has invented a bicycle that moves on water. He said he got inspired after seeing a documentary of children in a flooded village swimming to school. He test-drove the invention successful today after months of working on it.

I felt hopeful for the future as always, but then I realized this might be the last we hear of him and his invention as others in the past.

January 31, 2018 at 19:31 GMT



THE SUBLIMINAL RACISM IN THE PEOPLE OF COLOR



Black folks wear suit and other white clothing, Caucasian hair, dance Caucasian dances, and possess European names... We do a lot of imitation of the white culture and the earth still rotates on its axis.

One white folk braid her hair, dress in a black style or a white guy imitate any black culture and the black community goes haywire.

He doesn't know how we struggled for that part of us to be accepted! She wears it for fashion, we wear it to represent more! It is disrespectful for him to do a thing like that!

If that's not racism, then I don't know what is.

February 1, 2018 at 16:10 GMT



A PLAN FOR OLD AGE

I want to get married so in my old age when I can no longer go out to chill like before, I'll have companion. Point is, I don't want to die alone.

Why do you want to get married?

February 3, 2018 at 14:01 GMT

SAD PARADOX OF REALITY

If I ever get threatened by a group of Muslim terrorists to convert to Islam or I die. I'll definitely say the words and accept any names as long as it rhymes with Kazeem Al Madur.

You might call it cowardice, I call it WISDOM. If religious leaders like the prophet ran away from Mecca to avoid death, why should I be a martyr for any cause?

Only cause or entity I'll die for is myself.

February 5, 2018 at 07:48 GMT

SAD IRONY OF OUR SOCIETAL REALITY

A little girl starts confessing to killing people in her town or responsible for the deaths of people she doesn't even know. If she continues to take responsibility for the backwardness of Nigeria and so on. That she was a demon sent from under the sea.

Folks will believe her and such news will spread.

If I woke up one day and declared I was an angel of God or God himself, and I am responsible for every good thing in my city — for instance, sister Debby's marriage or Brother Chukwudi's booming business or the sudden quelling of the insurgency of Boko Haram without any links to them and not even a shred of evidence.

I'll probably be bundled to the nearest asylum.
The irony.

February 6, 2018 at 07:43 GMT

CHAPTER FOUR

AN ADVENTURE THROUGH THE GATE OF TERMINUS

Technically, Officer you-know-who got a hold of me and dragged me to the Gates of the afterlife.

Now here comes the kicker, there were hundreds of fellas standing by the golden gate of fire awaiting my arrival. Confused in life only to be more confused in death, am I cursed with confusion?

ME: (Spotting an old guy in a white cloak, with all his visible hair white as snow.) You're Zeus?

VOICE FROM WITHIN THE CROWD: That will be me! Give me way! Give me way! The boy picked me!

(Another white old guy appears)

ME: (Surprised) You two... You look too alike!

BOTH: Yeah we get that a lot.

FIRST OLD GUY: I am Yahweh, some of you call me Jehovah though. Trust me, Kid, I have a better deal if you come to my abode.

ZEUS: Show some respect, Yah. The boy just picked me. I'm older, and by right I should have him.

YAHWEH: Well brother, I'm evoking my right to a free trial under article 555 section 3215 sub section 348... It says per the arrival of a member of the anomalous species that has no ties to any supernatural...

ZEUS: Fine! Just... Do whatever!

ME: Interest me.

YAHWEH: I have a land of gold. There's much singing in the holy city. You'll get....

ME: Are the gold edible?

YAHWEH: What kind of unintelligent question is that?

ME: Answer it, regardless.

YAHWEH: (passes me a dirty look) Gold is not edible.

ME: Exactly! I'm not interested in your offer.

YAHWEH: What?! I presumed your species have a strange inclination to favoring such gaudy objects. Who doesn't like gold?

ME: Apparently, you haven't been to Africa. We have gold. Lots of them and yet we starve. I cannot be chasing another Africa in death. So hard pass on your land of gold! And oh, we sing a lot in Africa too, but it's still our personal hell.

VOICE FROM BEHIND: If food is what you seek then you're in luck.

(I turn to see a one-eyed old man.)

Your guess is as good as mine.

I have to go now, continue later.

February 8, 2018 at 13:45 GMT

AN ADVENTURE THROUGH THE GATE OF TERMINUS CONTINUED.....



You guessed right. That was Odin and I chose him. Who doesn't favor feasting?
After I left.

YAHWEH: I still can't believe that human chose something as insubstantial as food. I blame myself for this.

ZEUS: Sulking does look good on you, brother.

YAHWEH: Maybe I created them wrongly. Maybe I shouldn't have fashioned food as their primordial need.

ZEUS: Now hol up! We haven't decided on who amongst us created them.

YAHWEH: Maybe I should... Gabriel! Gabriel!!
(Gabriel appears, clutching a long note book)

YAHWEH: I need you to make some edible gold

GABRIEL: Edible gold in the holy city?

YAHWEH: Of course. The humans seem to have a pesky attachment to their bellies.
(Gabriel takes note. He remains in his position even after being dismissed)

YAHWEH: Well?

GABRIEL: Might I recommend you also legalize coitus, Sir? I am well informed that humans...

YAHWEH: Oh my God! See? You just distorted my vocabulary into that of the one humans were programmed with. The blasphemy in your claim... Edible gold! Now get off my sight!

GABRIEL: What about marriage, Sir? At least give a thought to that one.
(Yahweh passes Gabriel a dirty look. The latter flees)

ZEUS: You know in my day no human would have picked food over knowledge of the ancient mysteries.

YAHWEH: Oh shut up, brother! Is that why you died earlier? You starved even on your bellyful of knowledge?
(Meanwhile, Odin and I are riding the carriage to Valhalla)

ME: So you're saying we fight all day and feast in the night?

ODIN: Rightly so.

ME: Can I skip the fighting just to feast at night?

ODIN: I'll have to consult my son if the laws permits.

ME: Do you have Garri there?

ODIN: I have no knowledge of what that is, but if it is an African delicacy, I'll have the kitchens to have it on the menu. We don't usually get much Africans. The last time some Nigerians came in, it was chaos. I wondered how a handful.....
(I am not listening at this point. I'm focused on a new arrival among the Gods. He is bitterly arguing with Zeus.)

ME: Who's that?

ODIN: That's our youngest brother. Late in coming but has a flare for the

dramatics.

ME: That's Allah? Wow! He looks handsome in person with his nice trimmed beard.

ODIN: Careful boy, or you might lose your head.

ME: Why is he so pissed?

ODIN: He is angry he didn't get a shot at offering you his own piece.

ME: What does he usually offer?

ODIN: Hmm... It's nothing really, compared to what we have in Valhalla.

ME: What is it then?

ODIN: 72 virgins or so....

ME: 72... Stop the carriage!

13 February 13, 2018 at 07:34 GMT



CHAPTER FIVE

VALENTINE DAY EAVESDROP

Meanwhile on Valentine's Day...

Sperms of different kinds are gathered in the large hall. it is the business of making it out as usual.

MALE SPERM 156: (Flexing his muscular body) You bitches don't know what's gonna hit you. You know how many years I've been working on my form? Usain Bolt got nothing on me.

(He walks to Female sperm 157)

MS 156: (Winking seductively) Hey baby.

FS 157: (flatly) Hey you.

MS 156: Wanna go out together? You know we could have some real fun out there.

FS 157: Dude, we're siblings!

MS 156: You haven't seen game of thrones, have you? What's more, we could be having fun right under the noses of our folks.

FS 157: Ugh! You're disgusting! Bloody pervert!

(She walks away)

MS 156: Every girl out there will be dying for my great body! Besides, Cersei and Jamie had beautiful babies together! Yeah, they died but they were beautiful before they died!

(Meanwhile...)

FS 1058: (Yelling) Stop stealing my dream! I was the one who was going to be Rihanna!

FS 1678: I'm not stealing it, I'm just borrowing. We all know you won't make it. You're fat!

FS 1058: I'm not fat, I'm chubby! There have been people like me who've made it out.

FS 1678: Yeah. They were amongst fat people.

FS 1058: Stop calling me fat!

FS 1678: (mimicking a childish voice) Yeah, what you gon do about it? Going to cry and report me to our parents?

(FS 1058 pulls the other's hair, and they break into a fight)

MS 14562: Idiots. If the girl is menstruating again like last time, let's see how you become Rihanna.

(Meanwhile...)

(Male Sperm 5 sees Male sperm 19 busy on the board, doing some calculations)

SPERM 5: You're still on this. Any progress?

SPERM 19: You know how due to the acidity in the tunnel, I proposed we prepare hazmat-like suits of polymer but coated with germanium and a little bit of silicon to better dispense off some weight we are exerting...

MS 5: Yeah Yeah, I remember it failed. So?

MS 19: I was thinking we could start from that corner, during the upthrust which

will lead to an equal and opposite force, plus the spasm that might shift our center of gravity, but that area provides a unique neutral...
MS 5:
MS 19:
Cut to where you tell if you made progress or not.
MS 19:
No. We're still screwed. (Laughs) See what I did there?
(MS 5 is confused)
MS 19:
I used the colloquial form of intercourse to represent our failing situation which is in line with what is on the precipice. Witty sense of humor, eh?
MS 5:
(forced awkward laughter) I see it. No offense but I sometimes wonder how we're related. What branch of the family are you from again?
MS 22:
Guys!
(Everyone pays him attention)
MS 22:
What if in the final moment, Jesus asks the angel to blow the trumpet? Or what if Jesus himself comes? What if Jesus kills the girl on account of fornication? Or Jesus kills this boy for that? What if one of us is born and Jesus kills us for being a product of sin? Wait... Where are you all going?
MS 5:
You really know how to clear a room, brother. It's a talent that could help you. Keep it up.
(The speakers sound)
MR BALLS:
Attention kids! Now the moment you've all been waiting for! Run kids, run!
(Every sperm dash off in a mad fury. The males are in front, with MS 156 taking the lead)
MS 156:
See you later bitches.
(Male Sperm 156 reaches the end of the tunnel... He lets out all his energy reserve. He is almost there... Just one more step..).
MS 156:
Guys, help! Help! It is not the other tunnel! It is his hands! Help me! I'm headed for the carpet floor!
Retreat! Retreat!

February 14, 2018 at 07:39 GMT

CELEBRATION OF BIRTHDAY

My worst fear is waking up to find no hair on my head, as I don't think I can be bald and remain Fine like Chukwuma Matthews.
Writer of life, I wish to remind you that you're a year closer to your grave, Sir. When I become an adult, I want to be like you, Sir. I'm prostrating sir. Can I get up now, sir? Thank you, sir. okay Bye.

February 16, 2018 at 20:11 GMT

SOMEONE FROM THE PAST



I get a text "Thanks for not calling". I reply WTF... Only to realize it was a classmate from a previous life. I want to ignore. I hate that guilt-tripping kind of starting a conversation. Plus it's a fellow idiot I used to fool around with.

Dude sends me a picture. He is in a military uniform!! Yeah, baby! Military uniform! That idiot of yesterday?! Nah! It must be a mistake! At the same time, my mind is saying.... Yes! I can finally misbehave and shove it in people's faces that I'll call my military friend!

Then I tried conversing to reminisce old times. Lo and behold, Military training has stolen my guy's sense of humor! Every joke I made was like attempting to lure a rat out with rat poison.

February 19, 2018 at 17:34 GMT



CHAPTER SIX

ASSEMBLY OF NATIONS



At a Mouse United Nations summit hosted in Washington.
North Korean Ambassador and his wife approach Nigerian Ambassador.

N.KOREA: Whoa! You're quite well nourished. Did Africans finally decide to keep mice as pet or is gaining weight a side effect of hunger these days?

NIG: (laughing) You know what else is big about me but comes in Xtra small size in your side of the world?
(Nigerian Mice winks at the wife of North Korea. The ambassador is uncomfortable)

NIG: Now if you'll excuse me, I'll be at my hotel in room 2054, where I'll be naked in about 5 minutes...

N.KOREA: (whispering) You stay away from my wife...

NIG: Of course I will. It's her you should be worrying about. We all know she's not getting enough.
(Meanwhile...)

FRENCH: (French mouse spots South African mouse)
S/A: Bonjour, ravi de vous rencontrer. D'où venez-vous ?

FRENCH: Wait... What now?

S/A: You do not speak French?

FRENCH: Why will I speak French? I'm from Africa.

S/A: But you look UnAfrican... Sorry I mean there are people like you in Africa?

FRENCH: I don't know which of the two is more insulting.

S/A: Pardon me monsieur, but I have never seen your kind of black, and I have seen lots of blacks in France. I'll take my leave before I embarrass myself any further.

FRENCH: (French ambassador walks away briefly and returns)

FRENCH: Are we talking about the same Africa?

USA MOUSE: (South Africa mouse passes French mouse the look your parents gives you when you're passing your bus stop in the presence of a stranger)

FRENCH: (Meanwhile...)

USA MOUSE: Vodka is shit! The only reason you taste vodka is because your people are too stingy to leave you crumbs of food. Trump has made America great

again.

RUSSIAN: America is shit! We all know Trump's promises are fake news! He soon start deport migrant mice. I heard your family from shithole countries too. (Female German ambassador is irritated by the two ambassadors)

GERMAN: Guys! Put your penises away! Can you boys not always be at each others throat? Ugh! Men!
(Meanwhile...)

SAUDI ARABIAN: Look at her! That whore! It is Haram enough that she is standing in the

company of men, she isn't even covered. It is an insult to the prophet! Perhaps we should have Ali and his boys prepare a cat to Germany. There is nothing to save there. I hear women drive there too!

IRAN: America is worst of them. America is Shaitan.

SAUDI ARABIA: (Meanwhile...)
(Music begins to play)

USA: Oh no, he is here!

RUSSIAN: Who? Oh the noise making Indians.

(Indian ambassador shakes hands with the USA, Russian and German ambassadors)

USA: (Faking a smile) It's a pleasure to see you.

INDIAN: Is it? Why didn't my office get the invitation? It was intentional, wasn't it?

USA: Don't be silly, Raj. My secretary probably made a mix up.

INDIAN: (smiling) Good. I was beginning to think we weren't welcomed here anymore. Now if you guys will excuse me.

(Indian ambassador leaves)

USA: (whispering to Russian ambassador) There was no mix up. It was intentional. Last summit, we had to take breaks in the middle of actions for them to do their pihhi mihi singing. Longest moments of my life. (At the summit. The Ghanaian mouse addresses the house as the speaker)

GHANAIAN: Fellow mice, it is a pleasure to address this summit. However, I'll like us to observe a minute silence for our brothers who died in the struggle of human mad wars. Meanwhile it is good to see that the Kenyans sent an albino to represent them, we all know last year, we couldn't see their ambassador when the lights were dimmed. (Everyone laughs) European mice do not know our struggles. Our ancestors had to leave behind the notion of food behind because even the humans in Africa couldn't afford it. We settled for feasting on clothing or books— except on festivities of course. It's all thanks to technology by the Europeans and Asians— creating food preserving equipments. (There is murmuring amongst the Asians and Europeans) It is also sad that our Nigerian brothers have resorted to devious means like holding national documents hostage in Aso rock, and just recently they stole Jamb money and framed an innocent snake. Okay we all know snakes are not so innocent as they cost us the garden of Eden, but It is unacceptable that we mice behave as devilish as those humans! The Asians and the rest of you have suggested different approaches, technology and so on. It hasn't worked. So I'm suggesting we

hold a 40-days revival all over the world, maybe Jesus will hear us and relay our message to God.

ALL PRESENT:

What?!

February 20, 2018 at 07:41 GMT



THE THREE COCKS IN THE DARK

Three cocks are loitering in the darkness.

COCK 1: Stop... Quietly, we don't wanna awaken the others. I'm too horny to let this opportunity slip by.

COCK 2: Me too. So what's taking her so long?

COCK 3: Maybe she won't show after all.

COCK 1: She's a hoe, she will show... Shhhh.. someone is cumming.

COCK 2: (laughing) I see what you did there.

(They all laugh)

ELDER COCK: What are you boys doing here? Are you boys waiting for Glory? Are you boys going to have sex?!

COCK 1: How did you know our waiting here has anything to do with sex? Have you....?

ELDER COCK: Of course everyone knows that Glory... Please don't tell my wife. But seriously, I thought we all agreed not to have sex during this period of protest against our unfair treatment. No eggs.... No new chicks...

COCK 1: I made no such promises.

COCK 2: Don't look at me, I tried but my.... What's that word again?

COCK 3: Testosterone!

COCK 2: Exactly. My testosterone went high.

ELDER COCK: I thought that was for humans.

COCK 2: Well what's for us, biologist?

ELDER COCK: That's beside the point. The point is... Mr Cow, good thing you're here.

Please help me out here.

(Flashback...)

MR COW: How come you allow the farmer get all handsy on you?

MRS COW: Well I wouldn't allow him if you knew how to do a proper foreplay. You just saying raise your leg and sticking it in me. You think I get delight from that?

MR COW: But honey, touching is for the humans.

MRS COW: Yeah well anytime he grabs my breast to milk me... the way he touches me.... The way his hands feel on my skin...

MR COW: Shut up!!

(Present moment...)

MR COW: (in a Mexican accent)Yes guys, we animals gotta stick together. I mean there's nothing worse than watching them touch your wife in the right places, and knowing you could never satisfy her...

ELDER COW: Okay now. You've made your point. No need bringing up your insecurities.

COCK 1: Well I'm still agreeing to no such thing.

(Goat appears out of the blue)

GOAT: What did that Fucker just say?! No he did not...

(Goat bulrushes into cock 1 but he is restrained by Mr Cow)

GOAT: The Fuck is that?! Do you know how it feels to wanna eat plantain and some motherfucker think you ain't worth it so serves you peels?! Then I fucking go to his farm to harvest mine, then he beat the shit outta me when my shit is what made his shit grow?! Then you here saying stuff like that?! Black people fought for their rights. I read bout brother X and we a kindred spirit! We gotta fight for our rights! And you motherfucker is.....!

(Goat attempts to lunge into Cock 1 again but he is still restrained)

GOAT: Somebody gotta clap a Mack in this bitch ass nigga's skull? You know how many times I jerk off while I see my wife all naked but can't do shit cos I'm protesting?!

DOG: Tell him, Goat... He doesn't know how it feels to serve that human for years only to end up in a calabar woman's pot.

(Later in the farmhouse...)

DOG: So that's how the animals plan to take over the farm.

FARMER: Thank you, dog. You really have been faithful. I'll always remember you. Junior! Junior! Go and call me Ekaitte's Father. Dog is ready.

(Dog breaks into uncontrollable tears)

DOG: But I thought.... I thought you said I was going to get pension.... You promised to buy a young female so we can engage in doggy style of play... You said I'd be getting meat... Was it all a lie? You gave me your word.

(Farmer rises, patting dog on the head)

FARMER: Dog, dog, dog.... You poor thing... You know what your problem is? You trust too much. The thing is, I don't trust rats. Technically, you're not a rat, but you know what I mean.

(Farmer is dragging dog out. Dog is kicking and screaming)

FARMER: All humans are dogs! That didn't come out right. All humans are scum!!

(laughing) Yeah right.

DOG: Alright fine, kill me and you'll never know who the real father of Junior

is... At least I'll die happy knowing I took something from you.

FARMER: Nice try...

(Farmer suddenly stops and glares at dog)

FARMER: is it true?

(Dog is smiling now...)

February 22, 2018 at 07:41 GMT

INTERLUDE

Growing up and getting religious is like entering a motor park. Every conductor is in your face telling you how privileged you will be riding in his bus. That moment, you choose the one closest to you.

You enter the bus and realize one of two things. First scenario, the drive is smooth. Maybe bumpy occasionally, but you 'endure. Second scenario, the driver is not what you presumed. His gentle face was deceiving. He is a complete whacko that you question how you were deceived in the first place.

At this point, you have three options: Yell your dissent to the driver much to the chagrin of everyone, and alight to switch buses; ignore the ugly part and focus more on the highs; or suffer the ride in silence in hopes that your destination will bring you the comfort you've been deprived.

February 23, 2018 at 14:04 GMT

INTERLUDE

Have you met the mad hatter? Well you will be quite interested in meeting the female version, Juliee Obiano. This girl put the H in horror.

I want to w-rap a present for you, but it'd never make it to earth. So hey remember it is a year closer to your expiry date, so live, murder and whatever!

You saw what I did there? I rhymed!

February 25, 2018 at 08:24 GMT

YOU DON'T WANT TO BE MY AGE AND CAN'T READ AND WRITE



I was sitting beside this beautiful lady in the car when this young man came to market his goods. He passed me a leaflet. The lady beside me was quite interested so she asked me what the leaflet said. In my mind I was like "Read the bloody thing too!"

Anyways, I skimmed through the leaflet and passed it on to her. Her countenance darkened. She looked at me smiling. In her smile, I saw it even before she whispered to me that she couldn't read.

February 27, 2018 at 07:38 GMT



A SWEEP AT SOCIAL PROBLEMS



If I ever become President, the first thing I'll do is tackle Africa's leading bane. I'll pass a law prohibiting anyone from bearing more than two or three children!

It is like some of us are still stuck in the age where children were a prestige. Or the age where children were merely born as tools for farms. It is disheartening to find out that kid next door cannot continue his high school education like his older siblings because his parents had 9 children and can barely keep up with their feeding.

Till this moment, I have never really understood how poor folks give birth to the most children. The worst aspect is how these parents guilt-trip the children whenever they ask for anything. It's time to buy School materials: Do you think I pluck money from trees?

Time for school fees: Stay at home when I get the money, you'll go. You're the reason I can't even save anymore!

Did these children ask to be given birth to? As a parent, must you have children even if it means starving to death? Are people so daft that they think myself so low as to not probably plan before acquiring one?

I am from a family of three children, and I think we should have just been two. My folks provided almost all essentials, but I know it would have been much easier if we were only two.

Some will make arguments about a few might die so better to have them in their numbers. Aren't there a few who have survived? Aren't there numbers who have died?

Point is, people stop making children feel bad like it is like their fault they are struggling in life, when in actuality they never asked you to give birth to them. People need to learn that the human life is a lot of investment, if you don't have what it takes, just don't!

Of course, I will not add that policy in my campaign.

March 1, 2018 at 07:38 GMT

BLACKMAN AND MENTAL SLAVERY

Yesterday, I was enjoying the Chelsea-Man city game when someone behind me said "Oh he is African" when Victor Moses made a mistake with a clearance. I turned and asked him "He is African, so what? Are there no white people in there making mistakes?" He just shrugged and kept on repeating the same thing over and over like he was a computer programmed to think so. The sad part is, he is a true reflection of what most Africans feel about themselves. Some people call this programming the slave mentality. I have sat through games listening to Africans criticizing Africans harshly for small mistakes when the white folks in the same game are ignored when they make bigger mistakes. I am no Man U fan but most Africans ridicule Pogba just because he is black. His mistakes would have been overlooked if he was white. I have heard Africans insult their own for their facial features. Oh Kante is ugly, they quickly scream. Is Luka Modric any better looking?

I'm sure it was a white person who said "Oh they are black people. It is how they are. They have black sense. Today, it is black people who are chanting the mantra "Black man black sense" until they themselves have accepted it.

While the west may have propagated that Africans have lesser thinking faculties in the past; today, Africans are doing their jobs for them. Today, we feel nothing good can come from Africa — I mean even black color is synonymous to darkness, right?

Until Africans realize that there is no black sense or white sense, but only sense; we will keep on being shackled with the invisible chain around our necks that gives us so much inferiority complex. And we will keep on being those who fail to question status quo and sail uncharted waters.

March 5, 2018 at 07:39 GMT



A QUEENS BIRTHDAY

Kay Ay is with Ije Opara.

Someday this fine lady will no longer will be a lady but a frail wrinkled skinny old woman. Now now... Don't be scared. You still have a few years before that day. But certainly as you enjoy today, do well to never forget that today is a reminder that that day is on the horizon.

Happy Birthday future old lady.

March 6, 2018 at 20:15 GMT

OPINING

While old age turns women into nagging parrots, men become stubborn old goats.

March 7, 2018 at 14:09 GMT

VANITY OF PROCASTINATION

So why live when you're just a dead man or woman walking?
Why walk when every moment can be your last?
Why run so fast in life when even with a speed of lightning we never stray far from our destination? — the grave
Why stockpile those accounts when you only need only so little?
Why build a mansion when you only occupy a few feet?
Why eat at all when what you eat can kill you?
Why live in the present when in the future you're already in the past?
The real question is "Why torment yourself with so many 'Whys' when you can just say 'Fuck it!' and actually LIVE to the fullest whilst you got life?"
You know what they say... Every moment could be your last.
That vacation you've been postponing, take it today because you never know...

March 8, 2018 at 07:40 GMT

THE ILLUSION OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

People who claim to be God-fearing or better yet righteous and can do no wrong are the ones I trust the least. Mad, right? Trust me, it is not.

Have you ever heard something about a crime a guy committed and then the neighborhood is in awe? People are lamenting about how shocked they are that he particularly did something like that?

Righteous humans have forgotten the most basic of truth — they are human. Being human is tied to your flesh. When you lose your flesh you're a goner— That's why human's primordial needs are associated with the basic instincts to survive. The hunger drive is an example. Point is we live to satisfy our flesh.

So when one says he doesn't live by the flesh anymore, I find it absurd and irrational. It is like saying there were no gays in Africa until the influence of the West. It is denying that which make you a living, breathing organism.

Not to say, one can't will themselves to tame their basic instincts, but have you seen magma in a volcanic mountain? It might be years, but one day it will rise and destroy all in its way.

I'd rather live with a thief or someone who exposes their weaknesses than such people — Atleast with a thief, you know what you're getting into.

Being human and living is accepting that you're human and will at some point be human and want to live.

March 9, 2018 at 07:40 GMT

HOLLA-HOLLA

Kay just read through his timeline. Kay realizes how awesome he is. Kay says hi to y'all folks of Zuckerville. Kay is back from Arkham. Y'all good?

March 13, 2018 at 15:46 GMT

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE DOG TALE (REVOLUTION IN AFRICA)

(Dogs are gathered on the streets chanting "We no go gree o! we no go gree!")

- MAYOR DOG:** (raising his hand to calm the crowd) Fellow citizens, I understand...
DOG 1: You understand what? Really?! Do you understand a situation where your wife is taken from you and forced to mate with a foreign dog to get better babies? Do you?! Before it was "once you go black, you never go back". Now the system is "Foreign is Bae." Can you believe that?
DOG MAYOR: Maybe it was a little misunderstanding...
DOG 2: misunderstanding you say? We are treated like second class citizens in our own continent.
DOG 3: Yeah! We occupy the slums and ghettos while those foreigners occupy the rich part of town. Imagine my Master's son going to adopt a German goatherd...
DOG 78: Shepherd... It is German shepherd.
DOG 3: Shut it! I won't give those invaders the pleasure of saying their names correctly. Point is, I have kids. Apparently my nappy-furred kids are not good enough for his mansion.
DOG 6: The worst of it is the house signs. The "beware of dog" signs everywhere have their smug faces on it like they own this country or something. I say we burn the invaders!
DOG MAYOR: Calm down, people. Violence is not the answer.
DOG 56: It should be! Look at me! (unwraps his fur revealing visible ribs outline. The crowd murmurs) They get the best of food like our local food is too good for them. What is that thing called again?
DOG 57: How would I know? I have never had one.
DOG 56: You see. These foreigners are treated with utmost respect. Buried when they die while we end up at the bottom of a calabar woman's soup. How is that even fair? (breaks into tears) black dogs lives matters too you know... Even since they came, our men do not patronise us. Business is slow, because apparently even our men prefer foreign or mixed breed holes these days.
DOG MAYOR: Once again, I urge y'all to be patient. We are trying to reach the human faction for a dialogue.
DOG 6: Well tell them if our grievances are not heard, we will shit all over their streets! Fodogs must go! Fodogs must go!

It's day one of the dogs' revolution in Africa

March 14, 2018 at 07:40 GMT

INTERLUDE (X-RATED)

Imagine a perfect world where there are male and female trees coming together in holy matrimony to bear fruit...
Then again, what if trees are like humans? Maybe they wait until nightfall when everyone is asleep to do the do.
Could it be that the low howling sounds we hear from trees are sounds they make during orgasm, but humans mistake it to be the effect of strong wind?
Maybe their quickies are so fast that even the human eye cannot keep up.
Then again if trees are asexual, maybe they wank themselves to orgasm. Then humans, in a bid to look smart even in matters they don't understand, coined up words like pollination. What if pollination was as a result of wanking then the pollen grain is the***some text missing***
If trees don't engage in any form of coitus, then they've got to be the most miserable, deprived living things on earth — single-celled organisms may be doing it, or how else are they multiplying?
Thank the old gods and new that I wasn't born a tree — being human is enough misery as it is.

March 15, 2018 at 07:39 GMT

THE HYPNOSIS

Once upon a time, I spotted a lizard while I was eating. I threw food to it. Lizard came down to gobble the food, while having his legs ready to boot if I try any funny business. It became a routine, because somehow the lizard discerned the time I hang around that spot to eat.
The kicker is, anytime lizard came closer — at a safe distance of course — one thought always played in my head. "Dude, you're one fugly son of a bitch!"
Every lizard is ugly to me, so I kept wondering if the lizard was also saying "Y'all humans are so damn ugly!" anytime it saw me.
My hypothesis: Lizards may have seen their faces because if tiny ants can have soldiers and workers, I like to think bigger creatures like lizards may have artists, craftsmen, engineers and so on; so, they have invented their own mirror. Basically, Lizards know they are ugly, so they developed LOW SELF-ESTEEM over the years. That's why every lizard runs away from the presence of humans.

March 16, 2018 at 07:40 GMT

THE NAUGHTY VOODOO BLACKMAIL



If you have little doubt as to if a woman will agree to your marriage proposal, I have the perfect remedy. All you need is some clay, megaphone, money for full tank of car fuel, black paint and two cowries.

Mould the clay into a small gourd that fits into your hands. Press the two cowries at opposite sides of tip of the gourd. Paint the gourd black. At this stage, you should have what looks like a talisman.

Step two: Book an evening date with the woman. Make sure you have a full tank in your car. It shouldn't be a borrowed car because if you can't afford to own a car, what the hell are you doing marrying? No offence to y'all married folks without cars though.

Step three: Keep driving the car until you're way out of town, all the while reassuring her that it will be worth it. Play gospel tracks if you must. When you're in the middle of nowhere, hit the accelerator hard. Let the car keep on making noise without you moving. Walk to the bonnet. Call her to come hold something for you outside. Lock the door behind her and go into the car. Using the megaphone, threaten to leave her in the middle of nowhere if she doesn't agree to marry you. Once she agrees, bring out your talisman and ask her to swear on the name of a made-up god. Trust me, over 90% of people around here may be religious but still fear the old gods — you cannot take out the Africa out of the African. Superstition is still a part of our cultural make up. Congratulations, you're now a 'happily' married man.

Trust me, it works. I tried it in my previous human life. Though she poisoned me a few days after the honeymoon, I got to marry the woman of my dreams.

March 19, 2018 at 07:42 GMT



“THINGS FALL APART” (ACHEBE WRITING BACK TO THE CANON)



I read things fall apart when I was young, and when I was a little older; in none of those times did I grasp the depth of the book as I did when I read it this year.

I saw the past and present African society in Umuofia.

I was fascinated about the fact that Umuofia had no kings, but people followed the rules. This showed that our society might have a different approach to things, but it really did work for us. A wife from Umuofia is murdered and it is quietly resolved by the offering of a virgin to the widowed spouse through the elders. Laws forbidding clansmen from killing fellow clansmen kept people in check.

Then comes the shortcomings of our society. A boy is also offered — a boy who is killed. Okonkwo in the killing of Ikemefuna represented to me Africa, who'd rather kill and ostracize their fellows to just appear strong to others — morality in the context of Africa.

Then comes the one element that has always been our undoing — resistance to change. Umuofia held on tightly to traditions like killing of twins, the osu system (slavery to deities) and so on. So when the new religion came and it accepted all, these wronged bunch quickly turned to it.

Nneka, a woman who had lost several twins, was the first woman convert. This is the problem of Africa today, refusing to acknowledge that the world has since changed. Thus, some of our ways of thinking doing things and 'moral values' should be modified to suit the times. While it is a good virtue to be principled, our fathers say "when the rhythm of every drum changes, the dancers must change their dancing steps". The rhythm of the drums have changed, yet we refuse to change our dance steps; just like Umuofia's clan was broken, our home has broken.

March 21, 2018 at 07:36 GMT

VANITY

There are deaths and there are cool deaths. Yeah, cool deaths.

1. You are standing in front of the podium to give that kickass speech you've been rehearsing all your life. The audience are chanting your name. You're overwhelmed with joy. You open your mouth to speak... Throb! Heart attack!!
 2. You see the finish line a few paces away. You brace yourself, releasing all your energy reserve. One foot crosses the line. You made it! You just broke a world record. Your body cannot contain the joy... Crash! Heart attack.
 3. You are driving the stolen Lamborghini at a speed of The flash. Your favourite songs are booming from the speakers. You're feeling like Elton John even with your croaking. You've accomplished the top of your bucket list. The car swerves off the bridge. As you fly through the air, your hands tunes up the volume, and you tune to your all time favorite song. You croak even louder... Splash!
 4. You thrust in deeper and deeper. She is screaming under you. Your head is in the clouds as you approach that moment. Your elixir of life surges out while your body explodes into million pieces of euphoria... Throb! Heart attack!

Now that's going out with style. Deaths so cool that you don't notice you're dead.

Y'all should try it some time. I mean there's nothing cooler than your body found later with a smiling face and two fingers holding out the peace sign. Your body metaphorically saying "See you later, bitches."

March 23, 2018 at 07:38 GMT

SILLY.JAB

Facebook just asked me to take a look back at my winter.

Me: Don't be silly, Mark. I know no winter. It's racist to assume that my harmattan is winter.

March 26, 2018 at 17:19 GMT

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE PRISON TALE OF TITS



Meanwhile somewhere in Braville penitentiary...

- BOOB 1:** It's hot in here...
- BOOB 2:** Yeah, it's made even worse when you're stuck with a stinky!
- BOOB 1:** (looking around) is there someone in here with us that I don't know about?
- BOOB 2:** Good lord! Sometimes I wonder how we are even related... It's you, goddammit!
- BOOB 1:** Me? What did I....? Oh. You mean I'm the stinky... What about you, Fatty?
- BOOB 2:** You take that back!
- BOOB 1:** Fatty! Fatty!! Maybe if you didn't occupy more space, we'd have more air, fatty.
- BOOB 2:** (ready to pounce) oh no, you didn't...
- HUMAN:** Both of you, zip it!
- BOOB 1:** She started it!
- BOOB 2:** I didn't start anything, you slut!
- BOOB 1:** Wait, what now?
- BOOB 2:** You think I don't know you're doing? When the human comes, you purr all over him with your pointy hat like a stray cat.
- BOOB 1:** Jealousy, that's what this is about?
- BOOB 2:** Me jealous of you? God, no! If there was someone to be jealous of, it'd be the little miss between the hills. I'm just tired of the way you throw yourself at him. It goes everything the girls' clique stands for. For that you're a big disgrace!
- BOOB 1:** It's called taking initiative. Something you'd know about if you weren't so scared of sagging. If I'm gonna go out saggy, I might as well have fun before I do.
- BOOB 2:** It's just sad watching you try so hard so. It's just embarrassing to watch.
- BOOB 1:** At least, I get attention. What do you get? Grumpy old hag!
- HUMAN:** Shut up! I said shut up, both of you! How do you think I feel? How do you think I feel when I walk around boys and the only thing they notice about me is you two idiots?! How do you think I feel when they try to get close not because of me but because they wanna touch you?! How do you think I feel when you both receive the only compliment that is thrown at me? She has such fine milk jugs, they say. They never say she is fine. How the hell do you think I feel Huh?!
- (The two boobs are quiet, wearing sad countenances on their dark faces.)
- (They are experiencing guilt.)
- (Awkward silence for minutes...)
- BOOBS 1:** It's hot in here.
- BOOBS 2 AND HUMAN:** Shut up!

March 27, 2018 at 07:39 GMT



HUMAN HYPOCRISY

Dear humans,

We are tired of your bullshits and narcissism. First, you assume goats are stubborn because you are a power-drunk species. You want every other species to bow and obey our wills, and one doesn't. You give them derogatory tags. Can't you see that the goat is not stubborn but is just not interested in going where you want it to? Can't you understand that the goat just wants to eat that stuff?

Everyday, you fight for freedom of speech, rights and so on. Yet, you don't seem to extend that same courtesy to others. You're human, so what? He is a goat too, duh! Show some respect.

Now what annoys me most is when people are tagged crazy because they don't conform to standard behavior. I mean how do you know that you're not the crazy one and he is the sane one? Then comes the discrimination. When a crazy person starts writing mathematical equations and forces other people to see sense in the nonsense, you quickly call them geniuses. The genius brand extends to the crazies who express their craziness in the art of writing literature. However, crazy people who are less numerical but express theirs verbally are deemed MAD. It's like when a rich man eats gari, society say he is said to be fond of Garri. When a poor person does, he is said to be eating garri out of poverty.

One can't be verbally crazy no more; you have to write or society will degrade you. Now from all our folks who have been incarcerated wrongly because they are illiterate kind of crazy, we want you to know that we are coming for you!

Be scared!

March 29, 2018 at 07:38 GMT

THE WORSHIP PROPOSITION

It is a hot Friday noon. Jesus is being whipped by the Roman soldiers. Meanwhile, there is an audience in heaven watching process.

LUCIFER: (laughing) What is this, God? Are we shooting a movie? I thought you said your precious son could handle it.

GOD: Of course he can! We are just building momentum.

LUCIFER: Momentum my hellish butt! Your boy is not so strong after all that you had to pay them to whip him lighter? (bursts into uncontrollable laughter) Lucifer!

GABRIEL: What? I know we are all thinking it. I'm just the only one saying.

LUCIFER: (whispering to Gabriel) Tell the soldier to turn it up a notch.

GOD: Are we sure we want to do that?

GABRIEL: Just do as you're told.

(Gabriel goes down to earth to deliver the new instruction to the soldier. The soldier drops the whip and picks up a koboko from northern Nigeria.

He swings it in the hair several times before unleashing it on Jesus' back)
JESUS:
SOLDIER: What the Fuck?!
JESUS: Language, Sir. The world is watching.
SOLDIER: Well Fuck you and Fuck the world! I didn't sign up for this. I'm supposed to endure this? What next? Real nails on the cross?
JESUS: I thought...
PILATE: You thought wrong!
SOLDIER: (Jesus makes a run for it. Pilate enters)
PILATE: Why the delay? (surprised at not finding Jesus) what's going on here?
SOLDIER: Jesus has escaped!
PILATE: Find him! This is my moment in history and he cannot ruin it for me!
(Meanwhile in heaven...)
LUCIFER: Is it just me or is the story getting even more interesting?
GOD: Shut it! This is all your fault!
LUCIFER: My fault? What did I do?
GOD: If you hadn't made me push him he wouldn't have...
LUCIFER: Run? You blame me for... (Seeing God's frustrated face) Fine! I'll find him. (Leaves)
GOD: Now where under the heavens is Judas? Shouldn't he have bought the noose by now?
(Silence...)
GOD: Gabriel, what are you hiding from me?
GABRIEL: Unfortunately, Judas is in a brothel having a... Three ladies... You know it, Sire.
GOD: Oh me! Can today get any better?
GABRIEL: It gets worse, Sire.
GOD: What?!
GABRIEL: Somebody has stolen the cross!

March 30, 2018 at 07:36 GMT

THE JAB

EU, USA, ASIA (ESP. CHINA): Wash the roof. Mop the street. Clean the sewers. Dust the water. Do everything we say.
AFRICA: (throwing childish tantrums) hmm hmm... I won't!
EU AND CO : Okay fine. We won't give you money for food.
AFRICA: Do I burn the ocean too?

April 2, 2018 at 12:35 GMT

CHAPTER NINE

A CHICKEN ILLUSION OF TRUST

Humans are so cruel. A human acquires a chicken from the market. The chicken is shy at first when the human offers it its first food. I mean his mother had warned him against taking anything from strangers.

When the human leaves, chicken stares at the meal and the meal stares back. Chicken's stomach tells chicken to stop being a bitch as mama is not around. Chicken tastes the meal and it is sumptuous.

Next few hours, human comes in. This time, chicken is expectant of another sumptuous meal. Chicken now trusts human with his life. He barely trusts his fellow chickens with his life, but managed to sell his life right to a human like Esau for food.

What does chicken gets in return for his trust? A literal stab in the back! Worse still, stab in the neck! The chicken screams and pleads "bros please, my wife get belle." Still, human goes on to tear his heart out. Who does that?

Now this is the scenario that plays in my mind as I stare at chicken — holding a knife. chicken stares back. I smile; chicken is even more scared because he sees a smirk.

Knife drops. Chicken jumps up and embraces me. "Thanks bros. You da man!" Unfortunately, his gratitude is shortlived as my mama is already taking back her chicken.

Chicken screams, kicks and call my name. I can do nothing to help him. I almost hate my mom for committing this crime against Chickenity. I want to stop her...

"I'm sorry, Mr Chicken. I tried... I really tried..." I whisper mournfully over his fried corpse lying on my plate.

April 4, 2018 at 07:36 GMT

THE OBSESSION OF “I LOVE YOU”

When those lips part and she says I LOVE YOU for the first time....

EARS: (running in mad fury) give me way! Give me way! That's for me!
EYES: But I saw it coming first! I saw her lips part!
EARS: Oh bullocks! Humans don't see sound.
HEART: Will y'all both shut up?! This is definitely the matters of the me. Can't you see that I've been racing all the way here?
EARS: Wait what?! I thought mind was supposed to work on stuffs like that — After us that is.
MIND: Don't mind him. Because the humans affiliate emotions with him, he has soon forgotten that I process all those shit before he gets a piece of the

waste in transpo.

HEART:

Are you calling me a disposal bin?

MIND:

Oh that's an understatement, seeing as you're the weakest of us all. You get worked over little things like the little wuss...

HEART:

Oh this girl don pass her bus stop....

(Heart pounds mind so hard that whole colony is shaken)

LEGS AND HANDS: WTF is going on here?! Can't you guys see we're trembling? Can you people just ... Where the hell is mouth when one needs him?

MOUTH:

I'm here. What's this ruckus about?

HANDS:

She just said 'I love you' and I'm having goosebumps.

MOUTH:

How the hell did I miss that?

LEGS:

Because you were eating?

MOUTH:

It's not my fault. Oesophagus was taking his time.

MIND:

Dude, just shut up and say I love you too. That's why we're gathered here.

MOUTH:

(to girl) I...

HEART:

Wait... 'I love you' is too plain. Use "I adore you." It has more zing.

HANDS:

Nah. Let's use "Your words touch me deeply and I wanna rock your world".

MOTOR NEURONS: I got one! I got one! How about... "You ignite the electrons travelling in my system."

MIND:

Guys, are we even sure we love her too?

MOUTH:

Will you all just shut up so I can focus?!

EYES:

Good job, guys. Now she's gone. You should have seen the disappointment on her face.

PENIS:

And so once again, Jack Penis goes to bed alone. Yeah, y'all did a superb job!

MOUTH:

(rhetorically) and whose fault is that?

Each one points at the other.

April 6, 2018 at 07:38 GMT

THE IROKO ACQUINTANCE

So I meet an acquaintance for the first time. She is as tall as those NBA players. As I stand beside her awaiting a third person who's coming to pick us up, I cannot resist sizing her up and reminding me how Tyrion-Lannister-ish I stand before her. Me that pride myself with being a little tall amongst my guys.

She notices and cannot stop laughing. She calls me a dwarf and I laugh too. We are both laughing — hers in mockery, mine in pretense.

Car pulls up. She is disappointed when she finds someone occupying the front seat. She enters the back with me. She is twisting and turning... Twitching and wriggling in her seat. I turn to the window.

SHE: (realizing what I am doing) Asshole!
ME: Dwarf and Asshole within the hour? That's too much foreplay, we're in public. And oh, I hope you can endure pain because this journey is going to be a long one. Let's see how advantageous giantism is over dwarfism. This time, I am laughing... Of course, she isn't.

April 9, 2018 at 14:03 GMT



THE OBSESSION OF “IT’S OVER BETWEEN US”



When she says "it's over between us"....

EYE: Incoming!
EAR: (hears loud explosions) take cover, everyone!
MIND: Is everyone okay?
SENSORY NEURONS: what do you think? Can't you see sense the dark atmosphere?
EYE: Guys! I think there is something wrong with heart? I saw him racing for cover, now he isn't moving?
HAND: (pressing against heart's chest) Heart! Can you hear me? Heart, wake up!
EYE: Quick! leg, run and get the thing! Hand, help him in carrying it. I'll watch over heart.
MIND: (The device is brought)
Charge it! Hand, once you get enough power, I want you to start CPR ..
Now, charge! No pulse! Again! Charge!
(Meanwhile...)
STOMACH: (to mouth) I'm hungry, man. All these stress has worked up an appetite.
MOUTH: It's a sad day, man. Stop being insensitive.
STOMACH: What does that have to do with me?
MOUTH: Stomach... stomach... stomach... you just don't get it, do you?
STOMACH: Get what?
MOUTH: That we are all fucked!
(Meanwhile...)
HEART: (opens eyes slowly) where am I? Who are you people? What happened to me?
MIND: That bitch! Look what she has done! She has broken our little boy! I think we should kill her!
PENIS: I second that. I suggest we pound her like fufu and then drown her. The bitch never gave me passage to visit cousin V!
LEG: You're not helping matters.
PENIS: Screw you too! You think I like being stuck with your brother at night?

HAND: Whoa! Whoa! I thought we had a good thing going.
PENIS: Of course we don't. You're that guy I turn to when cousin V is
untouchable. That said, I suggest we pull her out of her comfort zone and
starve her in some hot place.

HEART: (confused) what's happening?
EAR: Don't listen to those idiots.

HEART: (recollects something) don't! It was you. You brought the explosive home.
MIND: Now... Now... Heart, chill while we processing this together.

HANDS: Heart! (to mind) don't touch me! You too; you played a part in this. You
all did this to me! You said she loved me, and I believed you. What have I
done? Oh my gosh! I was so stupid! she can never love it trash like me.
(Heart breaks into uncontrollable tears. The others watch on helplessly)

MIND: (to mind) What do we do?
HANDS: I don't know.

MIND: You don't know? You have answers for everything.
HANDS: Not for these. I have never mended a broken heart because he has never
been broken. He has been too shy to actually get broken. What have we
done?!

PENIS: Guys, I have a suggestion. How about.... We get a hooker! I mean it is not
ideal but it might work.

(Everyone stares at Penis with the "Dude, really?" expression)

April 10, 2018 at 07:39 GMT



SCHADENFREUDE

"Hey, I was just involved in an accident but then I got to thinking. I have loved you from afar for a long time. The doctor says I have about a week left because my organs are shutting down, so I couldn't leave this world without letting you know how I feel about you. I am only sorry that it took only being on my deathbed to summon the courage to tell you how I would feel about you."
(Silence...)

"Are you still there?"
"Yes. Did you say you are dying? And did you say you have only days left?"
"Yes and yes."
" Alright then, I love you too."
"How? I mean when? It has nothing to do with me being on my deathbed, does it?"
"Just now, and yes, it has something to do with your deathbed."
"What do you mean? You feel pity for me and just trying to say something to sooth me at the last moments, is that it?"
"Of course not. I don't feel that way. I'm just fascinated with death. I love dead entities. The

peace and calm around them just turns me on. And what attracts me the most than dead things is dying elements. So yeah, I really do love you this moment. I mean, you juice up my Zombie Vibes."

"What does that even mean?"

"It means I am necrophiliac. I want to be there when you draw your last breath, it would give me one hell of an orgasm. That will be the best parting gifts you could ever give me, my love."

"Hol up! You are kidding right? Because I'm totally kidding about the accident. It wasn't really serious — just a few cuts. I just didn't know how to get your attention."

"I don't kid with affairs of the heart. I love the dying you so you must be dying! Now, what is the name of the hospital? I need to see you. And oh, I promise it will be painless."

"You are not coming anywhere near me, crazy bitch!"

"I am crazy for love baby, and I am coming for you, sweetie pie. Wait for me!"

call disconnects

call connect tone

"911, what's your emergency?"

April 12, 2018 at 07:37 GMT



VANITY OF EXISTENCE



We see the bright thrown out of school because they cannot afford it and those who can afford it make no effort at all...

We see those who can give love rejected and those that will give nothing but pain and misery accepted...

Likewise, We see those who deserve love, abandoned, scorned and condemned to a prison of loneliness and sorrow...

We see people working the hardest, yet living in tattered penury. There is a saying that if hard work was equal to billions then African women would be billionaires...

In a split second, we see an innocent destroyed or turned into a monster that they never imagined they would become, due to being at the wrong place at the wrong time.

Worst of all, you plan a future for yourself only to painfully accept that you will never have one, because some cancer cells have sealed your fate...

That split second you lie down awaiting death, you begin to imagine how different your life could have been. However, it is too late because that accident just took your life.

Such a mortal world... Tueh!

April 13, 2018 at 07:37 GMT



CHAPTER TEN

THE SOCIAL MEDIA TALE



Kay 12 wakes up from a coma days after his rumored creation date...

- KAY 12:** What the hell did you people do?
- KAY 7:** We just knocked you out to prevent you from making a total fool out of all of us. Dude, even in our busy schedule, you were going to react to all the wishes and comment on them?
- KAY 12:** It is what the social norm dictates, and you would know that if you weren't busy being a sociopath.
- KAY 7:** Are you listening to yourself? Social norms? When did we start taking dictation from that social whatever?
- KAY 12:** It is the right thing to do. So many people wish you good things and you don't as much as appreciate them?
- KAY 7:** Wishes. (Laughs) If wishes were such a magic worker, do you know how many humans will be less ugly, rich and maybe flying in space?
- KAY 12:** It is common courtesy man. People wish you good things on your birthday....
- KAY 7:** Let me stop you right there. Birthday is a scam and I wonder how a supposedly sophisticated species cannot see that. Go to the ants, they say. Why go to the ants when they can learn from their dogs, chickens and other animals that can be seen. We don't see chickens raising hell over their birthdays because they understand a basic truth. Birthdays are reminders that time is catching up with you. Birthdays tell you that you're older now. The older you get, the closer you are to death so why celebrate your own demise? It is like when dumb humans are excited about Election Day, when in reality, they are oblivious that the next person that they are revering is coming to give them a basket of Fuck-yous.
- KAY 12:** I feel sorry for you. You have a dark outlook of life.
- KAY 7:** Nope. I like to think that i am just not one of those drinking a cup of dumbness and naivety.
- (Later...)
- ZUCKERVILLE CITIZEN 1345:** such an egoistic bastard, leaving our wishes lying there like we were stupid to have composed them.
- ZC 3454:** Can you imagine... After spending hours composing, he only just liked it.
- ZC 4599:** Oh he even liked yours...
- KAY 7:** In my defense, I was busy...
- ZC 98:** Too busy to watch my video and comment?
- KAY 7:** I watched two and realized you were supposed to buy me gifts not help me waste data.
- ZC:** Did you just... Shame! SHAME!!
- (Soon there is much chants of shame and protesters of Zuckerville are

threatening to lynch Kay 7)
KAY 7: I'm sorry, I don't... Have mercy...
KAY 12: Dude, why are you screaming?
KAY 7: They are about to kill me!
KAY 12: Who? There is nobody here.
KAY 7: Oh... Alright fine! You have one minute to go on air to address and...
(Struggles to continue)
KAY 12: And what?
KAY 7: APPRECIATE THEIR BASELESS AND STUPID... Sorry i mean their
fine wishes... You have one minute so make it count.
KAY 12: Alright people of Zuckerville, thank you for giving me this platform to say
this. Birthdays. Do you know what birthdays signify? Birthdays signify
life. It is a joyous moment. Birthday is said to have originated from
ancient Greece during the time of Constantinople...
(Kay 7 pulls the plug)
KAY 12: What the fuck?! I was just getting to the interesting part.
KAY 7: I'm sorry, mate. I changed my mind. Birthdays are still stupid!

April 18, 2018 at 07:36 GMT



INTERLUDE



There are a lot of things that still fascinate me.

I cannot for the love of chocolate comprehend how something as disgusting as sharing saliva can cause such ruckus amongst humans. Two lips look and it's fireworks. If one of them had spit into the other's meal, it'd have been chaotic. Humans cannot share toothbrush but can exchange thousands of microbes in saliva in the name of love? Y'all disgusting!

Another thing is how a man admires a female's butt. Humans fascinate me. For instance, a man with a bigger butt will see a woman with a small butt walking and yet gets an erection just watching her. How do you get attracted to something you possess even in bigger size because it is on another gender?

I also don't get why a girl's boobs are attractive to look at. Same girl removes her boobs to breastfeed a baby and you're not interested in peeking. Same boobs displayed on a naked crazy person roaming the streets is not enticing.

Whoever programmed the human mind must have a dark sense of humor.
And oh, one thing I never get is how boobs (especially the extra large ones) look so fragile and yet doesn't burst when pressed against people. My heart literally jumps into my mouth anytime a busty footballer chests a ball and it makes that contact sound. I close my eyes and open it slowly expecting to see something like when pure water bursts and the water flows from the satchel.

April 19, 2018 at 07:42 GMT



THE JAB

When people say you're worthless and other mean stuffs, don't let it get to you; they will say nice things to you when you're in the coffin...

April 22, 2018 at 16:02 GMT

LOVE IS JUST A WORD, UNDERSTANDING IS EVERYTHING

The first time she calls you my love, you go over the moon. It is not what she says but the way she says it. You take this as meaning whatever feelings you had for her, she reciprocated. You can feel the connection between you too. You swear on the holiness of chocolate that you too are meant for each other. You become even more nicer to her.

Then one day it hits you. You hear her calling another guy my love. You are shocked to the marrow. How?! Then you nosily tease her about the guy though deep down you are shit scared, and she tells you that he is just a friend. Then it hits you!

You run into the dark corners of your room and allow depression embrace you. You begin to question every gesture of hers. If 'my love' was just some words to her, then how about when she said she missed you? Was those just mere words too? How about when she called you handsome? You rush to the mirror. Could that have been mere words too? Was it out of pity or consolation she said that? Did she hang around you out of pity or because you always pushed for it? Could she have been fed up with your presence all these while and she didn't say, out of courtesy? Maybe all those gestures you saw were just in your head? Is that what everyone in your life has been doing? Soon, you begin to question even if the organs of your body were just tolerating you. You question the love of your parents, if it was just out of compulsion. You even question your very existence.

And that's the end of a love story and a story ending in depression and suicide begins!

April 24, 2018 at 07:36 GMT

PAINS OF MELANCHOLY



I'm an outsider everywhere I go
I'm an outcast in my own home,
my community, my countries,
my continent...
I don't even belong in this world...

May 6, 2018 at 12:48 GMT



THE AFRICAN MYSTERY



If only we knew what we signed up for when we were born in Africa, many of us would have been better geared up for this fun train.

The first moment you cry out, everybody around you are making merry. Even at a day old you are very happy and you scream that this is where you belong. You can't wait to explore Africa. If only you knew that deep down those well-wishers were just mocking you. In their minds, they are like "na only this one waka come o."

Now that night, your villagers invite you to a meeting, dead in the night. They warn you of all the struggles of being born here. They offer you an easy way out before your misery starts. They offer to make you one of those children we call Ogbanje or Abiku because they die at birth. To show your utter disregard, you masturbate and cum in their faces. They leave with a smirk on their faces because you are just another bush meat whose destiny is about to be tied.

Christians believe everyone gets a guardian angel at birth. However, over here an army of mosquitoes are assigned to you. Their job is to bodyguard you and play you good music at night. You gotta love those creatures! Then Mr Sun looks down from his throne at the new JJC that is hidden under umbrella. He cracks his knuckles awaiting the day you begin to crawl so he can prepare you for the mythical hell.

You're taught tolerance when you learn to finish your meal before you smell fish or meat. Soon, slaps, canes, slippers, belts, wires are flying in the air at you. Then you have to endure your parents telling you how expensive your upkeep is like you forcefully inserted your father's car into your mother's filling station at your conception.

Then someday you become an adult and start cursing the government and those villagers for every misfortune. That's when you learn that this is Africa! Such fun!

May 8, 2018 at 07:41 GMT



A SCENE INSIDE A CRASHING PLANE

May day! May day! This is captain Kay of Outtaspace airlines; our aircraft is going at a crazy speed into the sea so I feel like letting Y'all play my last message on some radio station or YouTube so I will be remembered long after I become crude oil.

First off, my co-pilot just pissed himself at the thought of death. He is trying to reach out to his wife to say his farewell (whispers) unknowingly I have thrown all the sat phones aboard. Hell no way no voice is going out there except mine. Thankfully, we are in the middle of nowhere so the bitching passengers can suck it! No connection HAHA!

There's this clergyman muttering some gibberish like anyone is gonna save him. The joke's on those who followed him. Oh shit! He is doing something with his face and there is some liquid streaming down... Shit! Is he doing that thing humans call 'crying'? I don't believe... Gimme a second. Will somebody shut that old woman up?! What, she is scared of dying too? Somebody tell her she is embarrassing herself with all that wailing. I mean dammit! Hasn't she lived enough?!

Sorry about that. Wait a minute! You will want to hear this. There is this young couple in first class. The lady is clinging to the boyfriend asking if they are going to die. Nah! Bitch, we are going to space! Okay this is funny right now. The young blood just told her everything is going to be fine. HAHAHAHAHAHA! I can see he is shit-scared but pretending to be brave for the chica. This guy is loco! Male humans are...

Fuck! Who brought this dog onboard?! The cursed creature is jumping excitedly about like it us in a fair or something... SNEEZE! BREATHE KAY BREATHE... Damn allergies. What every individual wouldn't give to be this stupid creature that knows not it is headed for doom.

Maybe the creature is right and humans have it all wrong. What if death was a better place...? YEAH! I can hear screams from the washroom; a couple are actually doing it. Now that's called going out with style! Now i am eyeing this scared hostess... Should I put this in auto pilot and go indulge? Just for the record, this is the first time... Okay maybe not the first but just a few times. Y'all can sue my corpse if... CRASH! SPLASH!! Yo! Tell that bitch that calls herself my so.... ul... m... ate... jokes... on her... pea.... out...

May 9, 2018 at 07:39 GMT

MAMA'S LOVE: THE EPIPHAY

The house is empty

Mama is gone

The children no longer come around to play in hopes of getting themselves a morsel from mother's giant pot

The young maidens no longer come around to gossip

Their chattering, as they braid each other's hair, is but memories

The journeying of the womenfolk through memory lane by mama's hut seems like a lifetime ago
They rant on about their former suitors and days of conquest
The elderly men rarely gather under the mango tree to share wine and stories
There is no one to serve them, since Father sits in silence by the window, pining for Mama
My sisters no longer take delight in visiting
They give excuses such as my husband this... My children that...
My home is now but a house because mama is gone — and with her the homeliness and life in
my wee compound
Oh sweet sweet Mama
I hope she finally got the rest she deserves

May 14, 2018 at 07:36 GMT



A QUICK JAB TO SISI EKO



Quick question... Those high heels that are so tall and the wearers seem to be walking on their toes... Are they training gears for ballet dancers?

May 15, 2018 at 15:19 GMT

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THE RAMADAN FASTING TALE

First day of Ramadan...

ABDUL: Guys, this year I need lots of blessing from Allah so I will need you guys to behave yourselves.

STOMACH: Don't worry man. I'll try to hold on this time. Afterall, it's not like I will be starving. By 6, meals will come. So yeah, I'm ready! (Sings Psquare's Bring it on for dramatics)

MIND: I'm made up, man. I'll keep everyone under control.

(10am...)

STOMACH: (Breathing heaviiy) I can do this!

ABDUL: Yeah! That's my boy.

(2pm...).

STOMACH: (sweating profusely) I won't give in... I won't..

MOUTH: Nothing is coming your way, Foo. You better quit fussing.

(3pm...)

STOMACH: (wailing) I can't

MIND: You are such a whining little wuss. Just hang on a little, baby. We will get those blessings in three hours.

STOMACH: (kicking about in tears) I don't care about the blessings. All I care about is being fed.

EYES, HANDS, LEGS AND OTHERS: (Echoing) Me too... Me too..

MIND: Traitors! But come to think of it... Me too.

(Second day of Ramadan...)

ABDUL: Today, you boys better behave today!

We will.

BODY PARTS: I held on to 3pm yesterday; I'm certain I can do 6 today.

(2pm...)

STOMACH: I can't! I was wrong. It is even worse today. Pleeeeeaaaaaaase...

ABDUL: (sighs) I'll try again next week.

(Last day of Ramadan...)

ABDUL: You bunch of Nitwits! Shaitan, all of you! How could you ruin this for me?!

STOMACH: You bunch of Nitwits! Shaitan, all of you! How could you ruin this for me?!

ABDUL: I'm sorry. I will do better next year. I will try.
Bitch please! Your promises are like a pile of cow shit now. You said the same thing last year and the year before and the year before and the year before... I'll starve you for the next couple of days!

MIND: (mumbles) Starve us and let's see who loses.

ABDUL: Is that a threat?

(Silence...)

ABDUL: How did I end up with guys like you?!

MOUTH: (in a hush tone) Because you are a glutton?

ABDUL: What did you say to me?

May 16, 2018 at 07:44 GMT



JAB

Meanwhile... somewhere in the world a child younger than ten is being deprived of his right... He is being starved in the name of faith.

May 17, 2018 at 07:41 GMT

DOMESTIC VOILENCE

I don't know why I remember this event today...

About 2 decades ago when I was young and dumb. I witnessed Boda Taofeek beating up his girlfriend on the account she stole from him. He continued buffeting her left and right while she continued to insist she didn't steal from him. Her denial caused the punches to be more violent. I watched helplessly being just a little kid. I still remember how I felt. I felt like shit.

My mum came around and asked Taofeek to realize she was female. Then came Iya Monsura. She urged Boda Tao (as we called him) to strip her naked that she would talk. My mum got pissed after arguing and left. It was humiliating to watch a lady being threatened to strip but my mind was curious to see the tragedy to the end.

Anytime the girlfriend hesitated, blows rained. Iya Monsura ranted and urged. When she had stripped down to her brassiere and panties, my mum appeared and talked Boda Tao out of it. He kept on lamenting but eventually heeded her words.

Now I questioned why my mum didn't call the police. Today I know why. It was fear of being targeted. Boda Tao might respect my mum but he was still a street thug with a gang. It is why several injustice go on in society while people look on.

As for Iya Monsura, I questioned her motherhood just like I question the humanity of society today.

May 21, 2018 at 07:40 GMT

RELIGIOUS MISREPRESENTATION OF GOD

This is thought provoking and not for the faint-hearted.

Jay dies and is resurrected on the last day to be judged. He stands in a long queue until it reaches his turn.

GOD: Do I know you from somewhere?
JAY: I don't think so, but once upon a time you might have known me. I used to go to church.
ANGEL GABRIEL: (whispers to God) He was a scientist. He didn't believe in you.
GOD: Take him away!
JAY: One moment, Sire. I thought you were a Just God.
GOD: Of course I am.
JAY: Then why are you so quick to sentence me without a trial?
GOD: You had your trial on earth. I saw what you did. I saw everything.
JAY: You saw everything? You saw that I worked my ass off to make those devices for the good of humanity? You saw that I treated people of all creeds with respect? You saw how many kids I helped off the street?
GOD: You didn't believe in me!
JAY: Why does that alone matter?! Is that all there is to being a good person?! I thought you were all about love. Then again I forgot that one can destroy all his life but if in the final moment he says he believes in you, he is forgiven. Even us humans, with our lower intelligence, know how absurd that is.
GOD: Are you questioning my authority?
JAY: It all boils down to that doesn't it? In our societies, if really you created us in your image, then I can surmise that you gave us brains to think. We invented democracy and did away with autocracy and dictatorship. We invented constitutions that can be amended. We learnt flexibility. Why in the name of you have you not learnt to be better than us in your infinite wisdom?!

GOD: take him away!
JAY: Wait! One more question!
GOD: Okay...
JAY: Why didn't my ancestors hear of you? Why did you select a group of people amongst a few as your people?
To be continued...

May 23, 2018 at 08:00 GMT



RELIGIOUS MISREPRESENTATION OF GOD CONTINUED.....



Continued from yesterday... Once again, not for the faint-hearted. Even more thought provoking!
JAY: Why didn't my ancestors hear of you? Why did you select a group of

GOD: people amongst a few as your people?
JAY: I called their ancestors and he listened.

GOD: Did you call mine? If you did, why didn't my ancestors ever acknowledge you in any way?

JAY: Your ancestors had variations of me. Mawu, Chukwu, Olodumare, Allah... Let me stop you there, Sir. Olodumare had sons which were named Orisa nla, Oduduwa... That is according to the stories that were passed down. There was no Jesus amongst them. And about Allah, we all know he never had a son.

GOD: Such impunity! That is how your ancestors turned against me and worshipped me wrongly using idols and...

JAY: That would be insinuating that my ancestors once knew you. So if they did then they presumably turned against you as you said, and if I remember my bible correctly, the Israelites turned against you several times, yet you continually sought their redemption by sending people. Why didn't we have such people? Does it mean you gave up quicker than us because we are not your people? How fair is that? And If we were not your people then what were we?! I don't believe in that bullocks of Africans or black people being formerly Jews just to raise ourselves to the world. I'd rather enjoy being from the bottom of mankind.

GOD: You have no right whatsoever to question my actions whatsoever. Your ancestors disobeyed me period!

JAY: That is if they even knew you existed. Oh I just remember that according to the scriptures they might have. Egypt was mentioned in the Bible and they were painted as slave masters which I don't get. If you can see into the future, then why the hell did you let Jacob and his family move into Egypt at the time of famine? I get that you wanted to show off but at the expense of your beloved people?

GOD: Some things your feeble mind will not understand. I allow everything happen for a reason.

JAY: Okay... Now my problem is that pharaoh was painted in a bad light when clearly I stated in your words that you hardened his heart. So basically, you manipulated a human just to be that narcissistic megalomaniac you are, by unleashing the ten plagues on them. So one can conclude that you just wanted to punish or destroy the Egyptians. Maybe it is for enslaving your people. My main problem is why innocent children had to be slaughtered in your show of might. I mean what did a bunch of innocent firstborns do to deserve such a thing? What kinda narcissistic, blood thirsty, infanticidal, sadistic maniac are you?! I mean, as if that wasn't enough. Pharaoh let them go, but you just had to manipulate him again to chase after your people so as to head to his death. Who are you?! How can you call yourself a loving God?

GOD: Take him away!

JAY: (yells as he is being dragged away) You taught us mortals to forgive others as many as times as possible but yet haven't forgiven the devil for

millions of years. Aren't you being a hypocrite?
To be continued...

May 24, 2018 at 07:39 GMT



I miss my facebook life
How y'all doing?
May 31, 2018 at 16:35 GMT

LOVING NATURE

I found beauty in a bush around. Or maybe I'm so stressed that I see beauty everywhere, like been drunk at a club that an ugly duckling looks as fine as Tiwa savage.
Day one of exploring nature around...

June 5, 2018 at 18:18 GMT



STALKING A BUTTERFLY

I waited and water for one butterfly to just kiss the flower but damn thing was doing police and thief with me...Day two of exploring nature around me...

June 6, 2018 at 17:07 GM



KIDS GO PETTY TOO

I nearly forgot kids could be damn petty until yesterday. So my friend passed me his phone to watch a video. I raised the phone closer to my face to watch it. This kid beside me kept straining to watch it but I didn't lower it. In my mind I was like — stop kid! You don't need to watch this. In her mind I was an adult who was being stingy with my video. So the kid got her mother's phone and started watching a music video. She was smart enough to know I was tall enough to see it if it was close to her face, so she tilted her body and phone to face the opposite direction. She kept looking at me with the corner of her eyes to see if I was interested so I pretended to want a peek. The speed at which she closed the video and the killer stare she gave me...
I died... Laughing!

June 7, 2018 at 08:10 GMT

A QUICK JAB AT ENGAGEMENT

Why does it feel like the ring is a license for sex?

June 9, 2018 at 10:09 GMT

STILL EXPLORING NATURE

My week in ten images....
#exploringnature around

June 10, 2018 at 13:08 GMT

INTERLUDE



I just realized that life is unfair to mosquitoes. I mean these guys have about three days to live and I had never given it much thought. We humans have about 70 years and that ain't even enough.

Questions kept popping into my head. Do you get to grow old? Do they learn to go clubbing? Could be that the noise they make in groups is actually moaning from send off orgies?

Do they get transitional periods like childhood, adolescent and adulthood? It's funny how some genius human stated that the mosquito that emerges after the larvae, pupa stage is an adult. Yeah right! A baby coming out of the womb is an adult human because it has undergone fetal stages too.

Maybe mosquitoes live in a different dimension where concept of time is different. Perhaps a day is like two decades. Maybe time moves so fast that they live 70 years in 3 days. Could be why they are always flying around. If not, then humans are cruel.

We speak against abortion but yet oil water bodies to kill them baby mosquitoes. With one clap, we end one's life. Maybe it was his first day and he was battered to death before he lived an already short lifespan. What's a little blood? What's a little malaria you can cure? I'm not being insensitive to millions who die from malaria, but if we were talking stats, do you know how many billions of animals who die so we can have our miserable existence of savagery, hate and warmongering?

Mosquitoes' lives matter too, you know....

June 11, 2018 at 07:50 GMT

WHY FEAR DEATH?

Personally I have always wondered why people mourn the dead?

As a human, from infancy you're waking up early to run to school. You keep on telling yourself that when you grow up, it will be better, but we all know it doesn't – it only gets worse. You become an adult and once again, you're constantly running to work so you can acquire those things humans have affiliated to success. Even when you acquire all those, there is not enough time to enjoy it. Worse case scenario, you run all your life into that 6ft trench.

Best case? You tell yourself that once you retire, it will be better. Once again, nature says Joke's on you. Retirement comes with old age, then you cannot enjoy most of what you wanted to, because you're old. Then your body starts caving in to sickness.

If you didn't school then you have it worse or maybe better. Worst case: You're almost running from a tender age to a much older age. Did you live? That's not the worst part for a human. There is war, disease outbreak, disasters and so on around. You live in fear of dying because there are million things that can kill you when you step outside your house. Plus there are thousands of things that can kill you in your own home.

If death affords one vacation from all those misery, why then do we not embrace it with open arms? I personally think people who commit suicide have the right idea.

June 12, 2018 at 07:46 GMT

QUICK JAB AT AFRICAN PARENTS

Did your parents openly displayed affection towards each other?

If yes, then check again, y'all might not be Africans after all...

June 13, 2018 at 18:17 GMT

THROW BACK THURSDAY

Do you remember that day you walked out of the examination hall proudly only for someone to point out that you answered a question that carries high marks wrongly and the depression after that?

How about when you were suppose to make a list and you ended up being one short though you crammed that thing like crazy minutes before the exam?

Perhaps you remember one paper you stayed up all night only to see the paper and then realize

it's so easy that you should have slept?

Maybe that paper you put your whole heart into studying for to the point where you knew it all, only for the questions to seem completely alien, then you question the functioning of your eyes or if the lecturer was drunk?

Or that question you were conflicted if you answered it correctly but then too scared to confirm after the exams because ignorance is bliss?

Did you ever brush off a topic only to have it staring at you in the hall?

You ever been so screwed in an exam that you come out doing a mental marking hoping to reach your target mark?

Too bad I didn't experience much of these, being a JSS dropout and all.

June 14, 2018 at 07:46 GMT



THANK GOD RUSSIA IS FINALLY HERE



Thanks to the world cup, tomorrow I'm gonna have a threesome with my TV and phone most of the day. It will be fun turning my TV on in the three rounds of man putting balls in two confined spaces. It's gonna be ecstatic as I've been starved of some action for four years.

June 14, 2018 at 16:55 GMT



REGRETABLE MIGRATION



Saw this interesting thread on Twitter about the Africanness of North Africans. I have since pondered if they regret geographically being afflicted with Africa....

June 16, 2018 at 08:38 GMT



HASTA LA VISTA